

Q-Unique

"The Set Up"

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My world was a broken scene and a broken home
Broken dreams, and an open throne
My world my mother doing her best at avoiding doom
Me and my brother sleep on a cot in the boiler room
My world was a lineup for welfare getting food stamps
And moms working at shit jobs to feed her two champs
My world was my cousin leaving the earth in a Hurst
And my pops reappearing only to make matters worse
My world was watching dad beating up on mama
Brining his girlfriend to the house increase the drama
My world was divided once mom broke out
Took Jay with her and left me a mind full of doubt
My world was discovering the bullshit sittin broke
With dad smoking and sniffing coke with different
folks
My world was stealing from grandma for dads bad
habits
And my cousin John died a heroine addict
My world was a beat down for bad answers
And I plotted dads murder, God knows I had chances
My world was a stepmother three years older then me
God was at the door, the Devil was holding the key

[Chorus]

We all got a story to tell and here's mine
Told ma the rhyme, she was on the phone tears crying
Cant imagine why I'm against incredible odds
Wrote a complaint letter and sent it to god
I never asked to be born, but I've asked to die
Never asked for this shit, so I'm asking why?
What's the purpose of life if you can never prevail?
Tell me what should I expect when I was set up to fail?

My world became a planet in the dark sky
Blood opening the scenes of a shark's dark eye
Bad spirits is following the sun
I've got voices in my head saying "son you better run"
Nine different schools and nine different apartments
Made my mind dark but I'm a shine regardless
And that's when the thought of dealing crack came

I rhymed just to rhyme as a fan in the rap game
My gun in the innocent face that approached us
Now the cops surround the cafeteria like roaches
They found the .45 and the banana clip
But the bundle of crack was hidden under Anna's tit
Written letters to the judge, Mothers talk would work
A slap on the wrist and now I'm free to walk the earth
But she soon tired and thought that I was hopeless
So I had to sleep on D's couch, I was homeless
A peuto rock in a hard place, gotta drill through
With a stepdad saying spick I'm gonna kill you
I don't understand why God puts us through pain
Cast me in a storm and left me standing in the rain

[Chorus]

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